

Never Judge A Book By Its Cover by dylemma-lover

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Summary: Fanfic about Steve and original character, Cynthia Coote. It's basically a love story, but complicated one with lot of other lines and smaller stories, especially with kids, Steve & Dustin, Eleven & Mike and Jancy and Billy. Also close relationship will be developed between Cynthia and other character because...well, just read it :) English is not my first language but I'm trying

Never Judge A Book By Its Cover

Like every morning, Cynthia woke up and turned on the stereo with her favorite album, The Number of the Beast. A small grin came across her face when someone knocked on the door.

"Come in!" she shouted.

Tiffany, looked angry as usual, stepped into the room, wearing her pink satin gown.

"Cindy, how many times I'm supposed to repeat myself? Just turn it off! Boys are sensitive and this noise is really not suitable for small children!" she said arrogantly, putting her hands on her hips - small gesture that Cynthia really hated about her.

Before she could answer something juicy, two small heads zipped past her and jumped on the bed.

"We like Cyn's songs - they're fun!" Jeffrey laughed.

"Yeah, something about Satan and darkness, so cool!" added Jason and jumped so high that he could touch ceiling with his hand.

Tiffany got paler than usual and rushed out. Cynthia knew that it means only one thing.

"Christopher! Christopher!" shouted her stepmother in hallway.

"Guys, guys, just stop jumping and go change yourself please. Your mom is going to be upset." asked Cynthia with a big smile. Tiffany going mad as hell was the last thing that would bother her but she didn't want boys pull into this mess more than necessary. They winked at her and run away.

She put on her new black jeans, Misfits hoodie and laced up Dr. Martens-massive boots that she discovered recently and fell in love with immediately-just few seconds before her father came into.

"Cynthia, what happened here?" he asked tiredly. Tiffany stood behind him with victorious face.

"Nothing dad, only Tiffany seems to have a problem with my music."

"With your *music*? It's demonic screeching, nothing else! You are terrifying me and your brothers with that!" Cynthia thought that she looks quite repulsive with her eyes almost popping out and hysterical voice.

"I don't care what's going on between you two, just solve it. I want to have at least one calm morning in this house."

He didn't look at Cynthia and turned away from her, exiting the room. Tiffany narrowed her gaze, hate spitting from her eyes. Then

she left, chasing after Mr. Coote, her head shaking.
"And it's Cynthia, not Cindy!" She slammed her door.

Dustin Henderson was standing at the curb of pavement and eagerly looked for the burgundy BMW.

"Where is he? He wouldn't let me down." he thought nervously, but in that moment car stormed from around the corner. It stopped with brakes screeching right next to Dustin and the doors on the passenger's side opened.

"Jump in!" Steve encouraged him and Dustin sat on the passenger's seat with his heavy bag on his lap.

"I thought you forgot." he said a bit blamefully.

"Sorry man, I overslept and you know how that goes - once it happens to you, you have no chance to make it on time." the handsome boy grinned at him and run a hand through his neatly styled hair.

"No worries, at least you are here." Dustin smiled. He was really lucky that Steve's first class on Monday started at 10 o'clock so he was able to drive him to the dentist instead of his mom. When she was trying to catch the new kitten, substitute for Mrs. Mews, she didn't notice a frozen puddle on the sidewalk and broken arm was inevitable. How many regrets and apologies he had to listen to that she is not going to be able to drive him anywhere and he was assuring her that it's okay and that he will figure out. In fact he was extremely looking forward to asking Steve to give him a ride. It seemed to be much more appropriate to him that a guy like Steve would accompany him to the doctor's than his mum who would only embarrass him in front of the nurse, telling her that back when he was a baby she had to change his diapers twice as often as usual. Steve understands that new teeth check up is important for him as a young dude and that it should be done without any women's sentimental outcries.

Steve sometimes peeked at Dustin secretly.

"He looks excited," he told himself, "that's a good thing. These teeth means a world to him." Even though Steve would never say it loud, he was glad that he could drive Dustin to doctor. Since that Snow Ball disaster he had an urge to be more supportive of him and give him more useful advices. Moreover, without wanting to admit it to himself, Steve really like this boy.

"Oh no, school again. I'm gonna miss holiday so much!" Nancy sighed

and turned to Jonathan.

"Me too but we have almost every subject together." smiled her boyfriend gently. They have been dating slightly over four months and made a trip to Chicago during the spring break. It was their first trip that has nothing to do with saving the world or their friends. So they really enjoyed that peaceful time, visited local university and just relaxed. Christmas were really tiresome because Jonathan was trying to help Joyce and Will to get back to normal life and Nancy was just here for him. After that, finals hit them hard and it was only now that they started to feel like their relationship was finally in the first place for both of them.

On the other side of the parking lot were standing Tommy with Carol, Tina, few boys from basketball team and with that creepy new guy. Billy Hargrove, that was his name.

"Hey freak! How does it feel to screw the princess of our ex-King?" Tommy shouted and laughed unpleasantly. The others started to laugh too, except for Billy, who looked like his only concern is to enjoy the morning's cigarette.

"Don't pay attention to him, he is just pathetic," Nancy whispered and squeezed Jonathan's arm. He swallowed and walked ahead.

"Does your brother cut off your tongue or what? I'm talking to you!" Tommy got angry. He glanced at Billy nervously, but he just ignored him. It was a clear sign what he thinks about Tommy - disgust.

Right before he was able to spit out another insult, Tommy was silenced by loud motorcycle rumble. Harley Davidson, Softail model, arrived at the parking right between two enemy camps.

"Dude, who won a fucking lottery?" said Reed astonished and all the boys were desperately trying to not to look too amazed.

"That must be someone who just transferred right? New cool guy" Tina noted desirously.

"Or a new asshole " Nancy murmured to herself.

Tall figure in leather jacket and black jeans took off the helmet and-

"A girl? That's a joke!" Tommy stared at slim, dark haired young woman with disbelief.

"Who is that? I haven't heard nothing about a new *girl* student!" Tina more than anger felt touch of jealousy. That bitch is damn pretty.

Billy Hargrove narrowed his eyes. He was interested for the first time that day.

Cynthia has had to laugh all the way from the parking lot.

Unbelievable how these rednecks stared at her. Like they have never ever saw a girl on motorbike. Or maybe any decent motorbike in general. It's going to be interesting here in Hawkins, she thought and passed the couple that also looked at her great entrance over there. She could tell that they are probably not school sweethearts and she immediately liked them more. Because she could relate - in her case, people always looked at her suspiciously or made comments not so different from Tommy's and all that just because of her looks. After these few years since she changed her cute girly dresses for black *horror*, as Tiffany calls it, she was used to these reactions and somehow started to even enjoy them. Tiffany was trying to make her wear Chanel costumes, Dior dresses and Vuitton handbags but when she turned thirteen, Cynthia stubbornly rejected everything what reminded girl's clothes and she only put on t-shirts with Sex Pistols on it. Oh how she was furious, lovely Tiffany. It was that time when she finally stopped to trying to like her. The only person from whom she was longing for any reaction really didn't care. Dad never scolded her, just looked at her with apathetic face or gave her money with saying "Go and buy something nice instead of making Tiffany upset." He actually meant not to make *him* upset but she didn't understand it back then. Unfortunately, she hasn't been able to fully understand it not even today.

With these thoughts she floated through the school hallway, right to the principal's office where she was supposed to go firstly and she didn't notice any of gazes that her new schoolmates put at her. Some admirably, others shockingly but most of them curiously - after the first class there was no one in Hawkins High School who haven't heard about a new beautiful but strange lady.

Steve was checking the clock impatiently, reminding himself that he has to get of in ten minutes to catch his next class and Dustin was still inside the doctor's office. When the doctor assured Steve that everything is alright - he will only remove the plaque from Dustin's teeth - he went back to sit in waiting area. "Hope he doesn't pull one of his teeth out" he thought - he really wouldn't wish this for Dustin. Finally, the door open and boy came out with smile from ear to ear. "Don't forget to clean your teeth regularly, Mr. Henderson!" called after him the dentist. "Of course, sir." Dustin answered and when the door closed he added:

"I'll just make a proper preparation" and he bit his favorite nougat bar, Three Musketeers.

"C'mon, let's go. I need to be on time for my math class and you are supposed to have the science one. I promised to Mr. Clark that you will make it!" Steve pushed him to the exit and headed for the car.

"You are worse than older brother. Or dad, God forbid" Dustin teased him.

"You *wish*, dickhead. Have you as a brother or son is the last thing in this world that I would want." Steve smirked and revving the engine.

He dropped Dustin off in front of Hawkins Middle School and told him to be on parking lot at three o'clock precisely - he will drive him back home. Then, he drove to the parking lot for high schoolers and saw a big black motorbike in the middle of it.

"Well someone got himself a new baby. I just hope it doesn't belong to that jerk Hargrove." he thought. He would have to take a care of kids more than usual if Billy would burn up the road with this. He parked his BMW next to Harley and run down from the hill.

When he entered the campus, bell just started to ring for break. Steve made his way through masses of students and heard excited whispers from every corner.

"...her dad is an actual billionaire from New York City..."

"...they moved out because of her drug problems..."

"...she was partying with Motley Crue and Kiss!..."

"...she could be good-looking, except these terrible rags..."

"...if she is so rich why is she dressed up as a homeless person..."

Steve had no idea who they talked about but realized it has to be a new school sensation like Billy and it has to do something with the motorbike he saw. But it sounded like that person is a girl which seems to be pretty odd. At least to Steve - it was far cry from girls he knew. And he definitely never heard about single one that would own a motorbike. He stopped in front of a classroom where Billy and Tommy were standing.

"Oh where have you been, Stevie boy? Babysitting your little freaks?"

"It's getting to be a bit boring Tommy, don't you wanna make an updated version?" Steve smirked and wanted to pass by. Billy almost unnoticeably stepped back.

"I assume you haven't met our new dark queen yet." Tommy suddenly

changed the topic.

"What are you talking about?"

"New classmate. Tall girl, dark hair, could be fuckable if she wouldn't look like one of your beloved frea-"

Tommy stopped talking and Steve turned around. He looked into blue eyes of Cynthia Coote.